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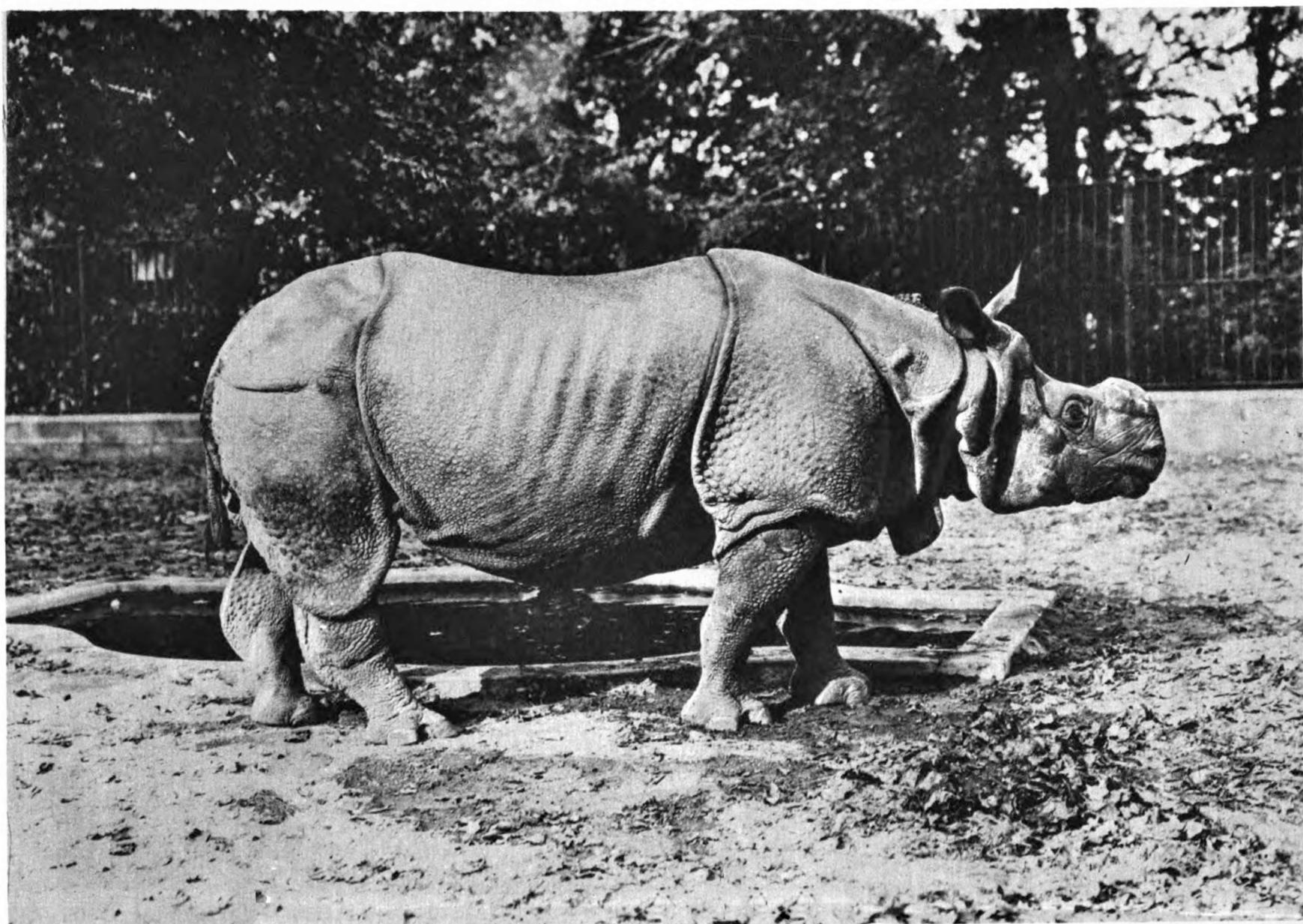
CITIZENS OF THE JUNGLE

By
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PHOTOGRAPH BY ELWIN R. SANBORN

GREAT INDIAN RHINOCEROS

THREE species of rhinoceroses have been publicly exhibited alive in the United States. All three have been shown in the New York Zoological Park. They are the great Indian Rhinoceros, the Sumatran Rhinoceros and the so-called Black Rhinoceros of Africa. The great white rhinoceros of Africa never but once has been

seen in the possession of man; and that was in Rhodesia, fully twenty years ago, when a calf was caught and kept alive for a few weeks.

Determined efforts were made about seven years ago, by agents of the New York Zoological Society, to capture two white rhino calves in the Lado District, on the west bank of the Nile, between Gondokoro and Kartoum, but many things conspired to defeat the effort. Another attempt is to be made as soon as the necessary governmental permission can be obtained. The white rhino is very large, when fully grown, and very wonderful, and it is a zoological prize worth working for.

Numerically, the great Indian rhinoceros is sadly on the decline. It need cause no surprise if it becomes totally extinct during the next fifty years. In this age of annihilation, every species as large and as tempting to hunters as a rhinoceros needs a triple line of guards around it to save it from extinction.

The Indian rhinoceros can be recognized from these three characteristics: enormous size; one low, thick horn and no other; and a thick skin lying like huge slabs of sole-leather, with flexible boundaries to provide for some bodily motion.

The eyes are small—entirely too small for this dangerous world! They should be as large as those of a giraffe.

Naturally, an animal that requires in the jungle about 150 pounds of green food per day must live in places where grass and other pastureage is plentiful and cheap. No rhino can live where the herbage is short and uncertain. The Indian rhino is mostly at home in the reedy and grassy swamps of Assam and Bhootan, but it is said to be extinct in Nepal. In the days when rhinoceros hunting was permissible the game was sought in swampy regions, quite the same as those frequented by the Indian buffalo.

In captivity an Indian rhinoceros is a very satisfactory animal. If kept warm in cold weather it is a good feeder, it lives long and is easily managed by its keepers. Like all animals it is subject to the pneumonia scourge that in the North American climate is an ever-threatening evil. In the winter of 1917 old Mogul contracted a bad cough, and his guardians at the New York Zoological Park were frightened at the prospect of pneumonia. Our wild animal doctor promptly began to dose "Mogul" with cough medicine, usually a quart for a dose, and that remedy wrought good results.

WRITTEN FOR THE MENTOR BY DR. W. T. HORNADAY
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Citizens of the Jungle

By DR. WILLIAM T. HORNADAY

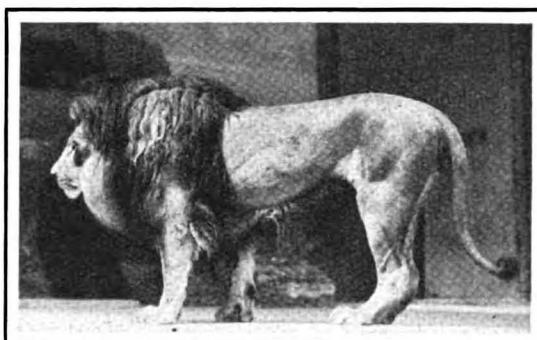
*Director of New York Zoological Park, and author of "American Natural History,"
"Our Vanishing Wild Life," etc.*

MENTOR
GRAVURES

GUNDA
COMPLAINS

MENELIK CALLS

SIBERIAN TIGER,
CZARINA



MENELIK

MENTOR
GRAVURES

GREAT INDIAN
RHINOCEROS

FEMALE GORILLA,
DINAH

ORANG-UTAN
AND CHIMPANZEE

EDITORIAL NOTE—The pictures in this number are reproduced through the courtesy of and by arrangement with the New York Zoological Society.

HEN I was a young man, the word "jungle," either printed or spoken, always thrilled me with its atmosphere of romance and mystery. It stood for a world of botanical wonders, peopled with strange and more-or-less dangerous wild men and wild beasts. Behind every bush there lurked a fresh surprise, and a new species of doubt or danger. The open plains, even of Africa and Asia, never had for me a similar fascination. A vast plain quickly loses its interest and becomes commonplace.

A "jungle" is a feature of the tropics only; and it may be composed of anything from brush and dwarfed trees twenty feet high, up to a tall and gloomy forest, with a floor so densely choked with thorny palms and ratans that nothing larger than a cat can work through them. I do not call the plains of eastern Africa, or central Asia, real "jungles"; and except for the lion their wild-beast populations have no place in this article.

I like all the jungles that I ever have seen, save those of South America. Those contain a wretchedly small stock of wild animals; they are difficult to work, and they are cruel in the extreme. I was sorry that Col. Roosevelt decided to make that awful trip to South America. I felt that that trip was entirely wrong—for him,—and now we all know that it was a mistake. Undoubtedly it shortened Roosevelt's life by several years.

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C I T I Z E N S O F T H E J U N G L E

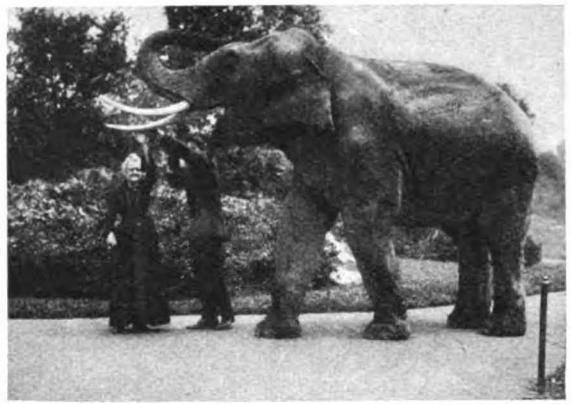
The Elephant

By the laws of the Wild Ones, the Elephant is the Alpha-and-Omega lord of the jungle. Like the title of Robinson Crusoe, his "rights there are none to dispute." Of all the jungle dwellers, he is the only one whose soul is not haunted every waking moment by fear of bodily harm. He rises with composure, feeds with serene confidence, and rests and sleeps unafraid. To him the wolf, the wild dog, the leopard and the bear are trifles, and even the fearsome tiger is merely an incident of passing interest. History has yet to record an instance of a wild tiger voluntarily attacking a wild elephant.

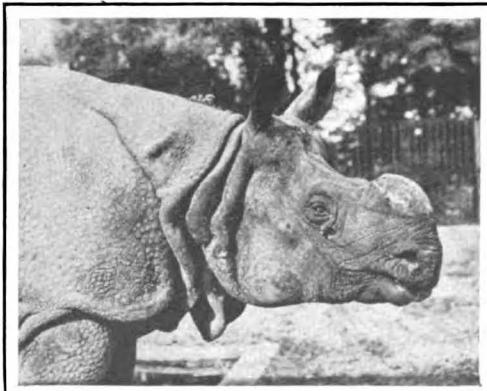
As you see the Indian elephant at home in his bamboo or teak-and-blackwood jungle, his majesty impresses you. Being by nature amiable and kind-spirited, he is given to assembling with thirty or forty other fellows for social companionship and for protective philanthropy toward the young and frivolous calves. In times of trouble from predatory man—the elephant's only enemy—the herd never scatters to the exposure of its weaker members. The law of the herd is that of the Three Musketeers: "One for all, and all for one."

A herd of forty or fifty elephants busily feeding on a jungly hillside is a fine sight. At such a time even a tenderfoot elephant hunter can, with certain risks, stalk any one member of the outer circle; and I know one man-cub who penetrated so far into the interior of a large herd that he came quite near to embarrassment.

Books have been written about the Indian elephant, but thus far no one of them has told more than one-half of his story. The mental capacity of the elephant, and his moods and tenses, are fully understood by but very few persons; and wicked old Gunda, late of the New York Zoological Park, gave us many new things to ponder upon. During the ten years that I lay awake nights with thoughts of him and his depravity of mind, he kept developing new



GUNDA, LATE FAMOUS ELEPHANT OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK



MOGUL—THE GREAT INDIAN RHINOCEROS

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species of deviltry; and once by a cunning manoeuver he almost succeeded in killing his keeper.

In the traveling shows the ratio of female to male elephants is about 16 to 1. The reason is the inborn wickedness of all full-grown males who do not have to work for a living, ten hours per day.

The Tiger

The Tiger is the chief thriller of the jungles. His realm is India, Burma, Siam, the Malay Peninsula and eastern China, up to and including Korea and parts of Manchuria. When he feels well, and takes to man-eating, one of his kind can send, by tiger radio, quakes of fear thrilling and shivering through the hearts of humans for twenty-five miles in every direction.

A perfectly fresh and unspoiled tiger in his native jungle is imposing to look upon. No matter whether you are on foot or on the hurricane deck of a scared elephant, such a tiger always looks twice as big as he is—but

no handsomer than he is, for that would be impossible. Over his massive torso and sides, on a coat as smooth and soft as silk, his black stripes stand out in relief like loose bands of black velvet, and his head is a long-whiskered symphony in black, white and yellow.

Consider the "game-killer" of my old hunting-grounds, the Animallai Hills of Southern India.

Where is there a more honest and upright beast, or a jungle citizen that more carefully obeys the jungle law? He might have a Karder or a Mulcer to eat every night if he chose. He might slaughter axis deer by the dozen if he wanted to. He might raid down into the plains, and find great sport in killing cattle and goats and ponies.

But, no. He kills nothing but legitimate wild game, strictly according to his needs, and he lets none of it go to waste. He never takes a trophy head only, leaving loads of good meat to spoil and become a loss. I used to wonder at, and admire, the conscientiousness of those game-killing tigers, and although I several times tracked those jungles in black darkness, it never once occurred to me to get scared about what a game-killing tiger might do to me. My only anxiety was about finding my way aright.

Once I saw a big game-killing tiger—an old "he-one," too,—under the

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The faces of old male orangs are disguised by a huge and thoroughly unique sidewise extension of the cheek, that is flattened on the front surface into an excrescence four or five inches wide. The earlier exponents of the orang christened those things "cheek callosities." So far as we can recall, no other animal has anything like it. When you shoot your first big orang (on the Sadong River, Borneo), when you haul him into your canoe and look for the first time at that unearthly face, you are tempted to think that you are dreaming, and that it cannot be true.

The Rhinoceros

When we look at the skeleton of a Triceratops, a *Tyranosaurus* and a *Brontosaurus*, all under one roof, we believe with the historian that "there were giants in those days." And similarly, when we turn and contemplate the whales, the elephants, the hippos and the rhinoceroses, we proudly assert that there are also some giants in these days.

There were few prehistoric land-going mammals for which the great Indian Rhinoceros needs to take a back seat. In contemplating the huge bulk and wonderful anatomy of our old "Mogul," many times I have thanked the Siva gods of destruction that they spared his kind to live down to these perilous times. He was in his day within two points of being just as wonderful as the three-horned Triceratops whose post office address now is the American Museum of Natural History.

In the jungles that clothe the southern foothills of the Himalayas from Nepal southeastward into Burma and Siam, the one-horned Indian

Rhino is the monarch of all he surveys. Near him there are no elephants, and the Indian buffalo and the tiger of the Terai are clearly out of his class. His small numbers rapidly are growing smaller, and there are many who believe that he is doomed to comparatively early extinction. "Civilization"—by ancient courtesy so-called—now bears very hard upon every big wild animal, both of the land and the sea. The whales are being exterminated, just as rapidly and as surely as the



"BALDY"—Chimpanzee
A great favorite, and a very useful citizen



A LARGE ORANG-UTAN
From a sketch made by Dr. Hornaday in Borneo, after the animal had been shot

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humblest animals of the land.

Eleven years ago the New York Zoological Society paid \$6,000 for "Mogul," when he was a baby, and practically stone blind with cataracts. He was caught in 1906, during a great rhinoceros hunt that was pulled off by a native Maharajah of Northern India in which an army of beaters was called into action to assist the hunters. Mogul grew with us, and waxed into a mighty beast. Probably ten million people knew him personally, and recognized his greatness.

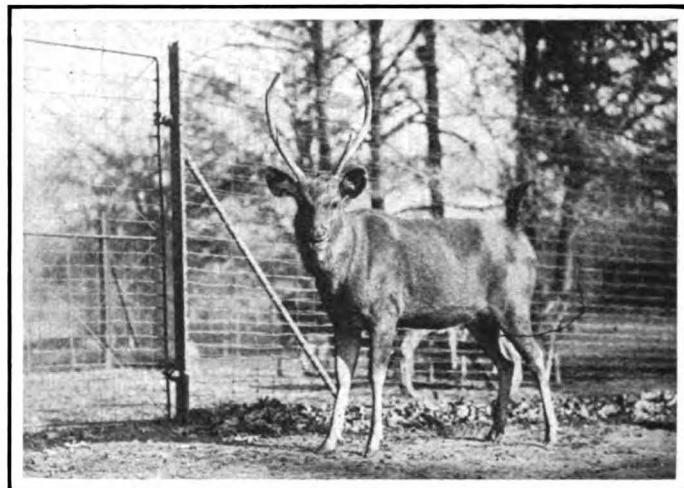
A year ago he died suddenly and expensively, of heart disease (myocarditis). When alive we valued him at \$25,000; and now twice that sum cannot replace him. Such is the reward of zoological people who try to bring the millions of city-dwelling humanity into personal touch with the celebrities of the jungle. The life of a museum man is on a bed of roses in comparison with the gall and wormwood of a zoo, through which Death daily and gaily stalks, striking right and left. All the king's horses and men cannot put our big humpty-dumpty of the jungle together again.

At this day and time, it looks surpassingly wicked, and sinful against the world of nature, for any man to kill an Indian rhinoceros for "sport," and leave that wonderful mountain of fantastic flesh and bones to the jackals and the vultures.

Let the mandatories of Africa take warning.

Indian Bison

Of the real jungle dwellers of India and of that mysterious realm known as "the Far East," two outstanding and commanding figures are the Gaur and the wild Indian Buffalo. In India, the former is most widely known as the "Indian Bison," and as such it has gone



INDIAN SAMBAR DEER



SOUTH AND CENTRAL AMERICAN JAGUAR